

fallen, or where I have seen others slip, kindly say to them, "*Don't step there!*"

Selfishness would hurry away from the place of a fall, muttering, "It is none of my business what becomes of those who follow." Pride would seek to hide its humiliation. Mischief and malignity would wait for a laugh or a sneer at the coming hapless traveler. But benevolence halts for a little to utter a kind warning, and to guard a fellow-being against a calamity.

A thousand times since has the clear voice of that kind-hearted child rung in my ear, reminding me of my own duty to those around me, and urging me to repeat, wherever the repetition promises to be useful, "*Please don't step there.*"—*Watchman and Reflector.*

A Word to My Sisters.

A few days since a woman was seen drunk in one of the streets lying down upon the ground, with a child in her arms.—*Cryuga Chief, March 24th.*

Well what of that? The liquor which made her drunk was sold according to law, and the man who sold it protected in his 'right' by law; all legal, and of course all tight—and if this woman, this mother, was foolish enough to get drunk, who is to blame? So I fancy I hear some of the friends of legalized poisoning exclaim. But it seems to me there must be blame somewhere, when a mother lies drunk in the streets, with her child in her arms. What matter if she be poor, ignorant and degraded; she is a woman, a sister still, and was once pure and innocent, till rum the liquor-fiend possessed her. Think of her as she lies drunk upon the icy streets, with her innocent baby clasped to her unconscious breast. What a spectacle for angels to gaze upon with pity—what a spectacle to awaken the sympathies and arouse the energies of every heart, not already calloused by the same fearful poison. And must woman remain idle when such scenes are enacting? Can we do nothing to save our sex from such degradation? Must we use no efforts to avert from innocent childhood such ruin? Idle—when every pure and holy instinct of our nature revokes at the thought of such debasement—Idle—when we can gather our children around us in the quiet eventides, and listen to their merry voices, and gaze into their innocent eyes, and teach them yet to thank the good All Father for his choice blessings; and yet know that from other homes where all these elements of happiness existed, Rum has driven all joys and planted in their stead Despair, Disease and crime; has robbed parents of humanity and affection, and children of their childhood.

God forbid that we should be idle, when he suffers Rum thus to turn preacher and urge us on to the work. Yes, sisters, let us work, toil for the protection of our homes and affections; for the purity and happiness of our own sex, and the manhood of the other. Let us waste no time in endeavoring to ascertain the boundary of our "sphere"; for that is a "terra incognita" the latitude and longitude whereof no man knoweth, neither are its borders laid down on any chart.—But a little bird has whispered to me that a woman's true sphere is the largest which she has capacity to fill, which being filled, will bring to her the highest happiness, and to others the greatest good.

No one will assert that this poor intoxicated mother was in her "sphere," so in endeavoring to prevent the possibility of such wanderings in future, we may possibly escape the dreadful charge of impropriety. Whatever be woman's rights or wrongs, my sisters, we have too long assumed one right to which we have no claim, that of remaining inactive while intemperance invades our homes, and the fires upon our hearth-stones are fed by Alcohol.

MARY C. VAUGHAN.

Indebtedness of the Sons to the Old Societies.

We acknowledge ourselves associated with the Sons, and rejoice in their prosperity, but we also cheerfully approve of the remarks generally made by Mr. Silcox at the Fingal meeting and therefore give them insertion:—

Noah Silcox, Esq., said, Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Sons of Temperance, I am here, in an unexpected position, brought on this platform to speak to a large assemblage without any preparation whatever; still, did I not believe that I could say something,

I should not stand before you. Most of you know me, and knowing me, you will bear with me patiently, as I am troubled with a disease that renders it difficult for me to express my sentiments; yet, I hope to interest you for a time, and will not detain you long. Now, I am not a Son of Temperance, but I admire your efforts, and will rejoice in your success. I am one of the old stagers, a member of the old Temperance Society. "But stop, old man," says some of the young ones of the present day; "you are behind the spirit of the age! We go right ahead, sweeping all before us. See our splendid regalia, look at those costly banners, hear that soul-stirring music—von old teetotalers, had nothing of the kind." Stop, young man, let me speak. You put me in mind of a youth that I saw driving a fine horse, in a two hundred dollar buggy, silver-mounted harness, and all complete. "Young man," said I, "your father never rode about in that way; a common wagon satisfied him, and his coat was made from the wool of his own sheep, wove by your mother, and dyed with bark of the butternut tree; linsey woolsey instead of muslin-de-laines, made your mother's daily dress, and instead of fine Tu-can bonnets, a cotton handkerchief thrown over her graceful neck, protected her from the rays of the mid-day sun. Still, they were virtuous, contented and happy." "I know it all," said he, "and I live on the same farm that the old folks lived on so long, and see how I can figure. Father never managed things right, he was too like old times." Now, I would ask what enabled the young man to sport his fine horse and buggy? Was it not the patient industry, the virtuous economy, and the indomitable energy of that father that spent a life-time in hewing the forests to his will, and making a home for his children? while the ungrateful son, that was not behind the spirit of the age, never split a thousand rails, chopped an acre of land, or made a hundred of black salts, in his life-time. Now, how shall I compare you, Sons, to that son of which I speak? Why, we, the old Temperance men, made the forest clearing, we drove the enemy from many a door, we combated the established prejudices of ages, we made a safe and a commodious platform, and fenced in the ground on which the Sons, and the Daughters, and the Cadets muster now, in unmolested security, none daring to make them afraid, and were it not for the old Temperance Societies, the Sons would never have been born. So that while I am willing to give you all the credit that you can justly claim, (and that is a great deal,) take my advice and never forget those faithful men that boldly contended for your principles, when to do so, was to expose themselves to the sneers, ridicule, and enmity of thousands that now proudly march under those banners that so majestically float in the breeze.

Rum Calamity.

Our readers will remember the brilliant Hannegan, of the U. S. Senate, formerly. He bade fair to stand at the top of the ladder of fame, till liquor ruined him and his prospects. He has lived for some time in retirement. But we see by a despatch from Covington, Indiana, that the accursed cup has led him to a fearful crime. On the 8th of May an altercation took place between Hannegan and his brother-in-law, John R. Duncan, when the former struck the latter with a bowie knife, in the upper region of the abdomen, and entirely severed the duodenum. The parts were as soon as possible reunited and sewed together by surgeons, but the wound proved fatal. The sufferer sank from inward loss of blood until next day, about one o'clock, when he expired. He was a brother of the late Hon. Daniel Duncan of Ohio, and was about 45 years of age.—The exciting cause of this unhappy affair, says the despatch was liquor, of which both had been partaking freely. The immediate occasion was some dissatisfaction as to a trade in property.—The event is awfully aggravated by the fact that the parties had been warm friends—Duncan, a sojourner with Hannegan for two years; and it is due to both, to say, that during that length of time their deportment had been such as became their position in society. Hannegan, possessed of passions as noble when himself, as irascible when not himself, is now suffering the keenest remorse. Duncan was a bachelor. His estate falls, by a will made in his last hours, to Mr. Hannegan's excellent lady, and Mrs. Wallace, a widow sister.

What a mercy would it have been to Hannegan, now racked with torturing remorse, had the Maine Law prevailed in Indiana, and had it rooted out every particle of rum. Alas, that for the